had I felt physical liking for him, then, no doubt, we should have married, or had a shot at something. But my feelings were all of the spiritual, intellectual, emotional kind. And when 2 or 3 times in all, I felt physically for a man, then he was so obtuse, defiant. Coy hunting, I dare that I — diverse as I am — could only wheel round & gallop the other way. Perhaps this throws why Clive, who had his reasons, always called me a fish. Vita also calls me fish. And Philip (I think often, while holding their hands, & getting the Esquimo pleasure from contact with either male or female body) "But what I want of you is all or — to make the world dance." More than that, I cannot get my sense of unity & coherency, call that making one work to write the Lighthouse &c. (when) am perpetually stimulated. It is no good talking in a garden with a book; a Collecting task. There must be this fanning & drumming of (some) past remembered from Leonard — lost differently — Lord Lord how many things I want — how many different flowers I visit — & often I plunge into London, between tea & dinner, & walk — walk, driving my fists, in the city, in some wretched slum, where I peep in at the doors of public houses. Where people mistake. as I think, in perpetually narrowing & narrowing there immensely complexity & wide flung passions — passing Driving Nature through them, herding them between line. But how do you define "Perversity"? (What is the difference between friendship & perversity?) I dreams. Well, enough — Especially as I read in your last letter that you don't want remarks about character. And I've no doubt there are all wrong; but I'm treating you as a woman whose patience

(Grand mother was a magic. V.)

Monks House. Tuesday 19th Aug 1930

(1) "I dont suppose I am really very fond of anyone"

I woke up in the night & said "But I am the most passionate of women. Take away my affections & I should be like sea weed eaten away in water; like the shell of a crab, like a husk. All my entrails, light, marrow, juice, pulp would be gone. I should be blown into the first hurdle a drown. Take away my love for my friends & my burning & passionate sympathy with human life &c & I should be nothing but a membrane, a fibre, ~~a shadow~~ discoloured, lifeless to be thrown away like any other Excreta. Then what did I mean when I said to Ethel "I dont suppose I am really very fond of anyone"?

(2)

This is true that I only want to show off to women. Women alone stir my imagination — there I agree with you.

(3) how I enjoy your account of your talk! Heywood,
how well you report! And what a friend you
have — what a credit to the race a talk like that is!
And your sister's letter — now, you'd be surprised
to know all I divine from a letter like that —
what a light it throws from another angle.
Perhaps my angle is (owing to my trade) an odd one.
Certainly, I often get glimpses, as it were through
the leaves in the kitchen shrubbery, (what)
that just marching up to the front door.
So — I now come to the point — might I one day
read some of your letters? Your diary? Remember
what a lot has to be packed in. And remember —
not I suppose that you seem in any danger
of forgetting this Elemental fact — what an
a crazy hoax of words I am — like a cracked
looking glass in a fair. Order, an)
write this, it strikes me that as usual I
am romancing, led on occasionally by the
lure of some phrase; & that in fact Keynes
is so simple. so simple, so simple: just give her

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

things to play with. like a child. But enough.
I am now going to look at your tie trains. (Should
this need correction. Leonard will notably it).

Victoria 3.15 arr. Lewes. 4.32.

I suggest (unless you dislike mornings in the Pavilion
Towers) that you should catch the 5.32 p.m.
arr. Victoria 6.52 on Saturday.
But this can be arranged. I deserve a whole day's
holiday — I think have finished a chapter (so-called) in my
novel (again so-called for trade purposes)

But — look here: I'm very sorry you are rather a
wreck: you ~~look~~ feel jagged, worn, fagged, have
pains in your neck. May I point out that
to add a railway journey, a visit, talk (for we must
find time to say a word or two — it can't be all
reading the weather + petting the dog)
will be a strain. And remember, I should be
very very much annoyed if I made you spend
even half a day in bed, or on a sofa. Next
week would suit us — Don't let you/r/s be rushed.
Of course, Friday would be very nice otherwise

DM

(1) Thursday. 28th Aug. 1930

how talk of affection — what can be a greater proof than that
I sit up (I was thinking) & write in answer to your questions
1. No I can't tackle Christopher St John - I never read a word of hers.
2. No. Elizabeth defamatory letter is not included - I wish it were.
3: What question in particular was I to ask about the Wars that
Delicacy forbade? I think — but what's the use of
thinking when I can't correct Haughty & can't take an
idea myself — they float & fly like the shadows over the downs,
yet the downs are like couchant lions today. Yellow,
tan stained — I think then that my difficulty is that
I am ~~was~~ working in rhythm & not in plot. Does this
convey anything? And then that the rhythmical is
more natural to me than the narrative, it is ~~that~~ completely
~~was~~ offered to the tradition of Lechin ~~than~~ & ~~that~~ I am
casting about all the time for some rope to throw to the reader.
This is rough & ready; but not woefully inaccurate.
Oh yes, I did enjoy your visit immensely. I was — as I'm
often to days — revived & fortified. I'm floated over
the dismal week of journalism & ~~and~~ ~~Ludgis~~
snatching & felting; proofs & signatures. But don't
exaggerate my gifts or merits. I'm naturally vain but
almost equally naturally fastidious: ~~That~~
I mean, I adore being liked; but when I see how generous free &
fierce you are, Ju (I think this is true) but I'm not worth it. But

this theme with be developed later. I'm going to crawl to the host.
Why wasn't it hot like this the day you came?

Do write please; do send me the Love story. If I'm
in articulate at the moment this that the tide of this-
brain in me is so capricious I cant make it flow at all
some days: not when I have to go to London, to arrange a
dinner party, & to see about ~~getting~~ the Conservatory those
intolerable hedging that the Cooperative movement dictates.
Sand & shingles thick I am, they crackle & blaze with
Generous attention - oh yes they do - for you. Only
I must one day explain how oddly my normal tense kept
picking me that night. Ethel 18: Ethel 30: Ethel
Someone, noble & austere, I've never known — ask this as
you eat the heart of the night candle & logs fire.
And then pulled, my emotions became like so many
strange fruits: or of chaotic ash chaotic of some
like, panel ash panel ~~of~~ of your psychology were
opening & shutting.) But why try to explain?
in the twilight

I will write when I am rather more
peaceful, & the silk knickerbockers
don't stick to the dirty grey legs.

Oh yes — no — I've no time to-
go into that, or the other. Good bye.

Rota 2.4.63

Monday Sep 1. 1930

Your telegram just come. Yes I am much better. I am lying in the downstairs room today. Was shaving some mustard round the fader on Friday & suddenly fainted. (It was awfully hot) Leond carried me in here & then I fainted again - Hed add hemorrhage & come to us! But it went off by degrees, & now there is nothing wrong but my old bother (a) anxiety heart - skips & jumps, like a rabbit's tail. It's nothing wrong - only the heart I mean - only nerves. And that is

Dear me, what an angel I have been. It's almost makes me cry. better two. I am lying in my room looking at the attic tea-
tray, how I like your letter! How I wish I were to see you!
What a pleasure if you walked in! NYPL Next best
please send the loveen story & any of the chapters, I
wish. I expect I shall be shortly down most
of the week; as I had a plan to come up on Thursday
& see you. I suppose that is impossible.)
shall listen in. Do you think I'm Malcolm Lingerman
about other writers, or people? You see I read your letter
very carefully. I can't do much yet in the way of
long sketches. I say (then — whichever) what am I ill.
because I think of you — yes, I shd like you when I'm ill.
By the way, I never thanked you for the book.
I wish you

Rota 24.4.63

Wednesday. Sep 3rd 1930

Your telegram just come. Such an ah longing 4 phones & thanks (though they've never been more genuine) - for yr wch in future take that for said (I mean how tremendously I enjoy seeing yr. & how I thank yr 2 thank yr very dyer day was once more the end- for that terrific 2 [illegible] effort yesterday). But to business. now then- it said, or not said. yr did me nothing but good; that is honest truth; but, I've been a little bothered today with the rat gnawing pain - which almost invariably comes after my heart has acted - It very light, but I have put off Vita who was coming tomorrow, & don't feel that I can at the moment persuade L. to make promises about Friday- Yr know what I'd like — but I don't feel, after my demands a L., that I can - yr wch finish the review. Only

again the hair is slight, I may well be sane tomorrow.
Ive cant tell.

Shall we hear it then that if I am perfectly recovered I will wire tomorrow afternoon to Coign- understand that I'm lying low. But dont understand that it anything but Extreme precaution- and I'll trust you to tell me all that I wish - how unfortunate, oh I must, sis to me to see you. I cant tell you Ethel, how I adored you for that dark hour - for 2 hours only - how it kindled & enraptured me to have you by me. I rely on you as I am (to your eyes) I have a dread hold in the human soul - when I meet what can be called such emphatically; I pour power of soul completely daunts me. That an odd phrase - but I cant stop - dont pity - to make a belle, I will work anyhow tomorow. No, no, no, The hair is always hanging about as to any Will; you Reft it off listen in; I say, I shall

Note on p. 63

Manka House,

Thursday Sep 4. 1930

This is what I should like:
to see you come in to the room at 3 on
Sunday afternoon, & to talk & drowse
peacefully in the garden, till 7- (but the
last hour to be left vague)
This is what I should like, I say; brutally
blunt, without considering Your plans (& is
why I can't get hold of them (your letter)
or convenience. So stated equally brutally:
Of course, it's only Thursday; I don't know what
fate intends. No plans therefore. Only facts & wishes.
The fact is one; but the next stage is complicated-
Drowsiness. I can't think how I ever walked
to the footbridge- seems like an Odyssey &
the Pole Star did that yesterday. I read one
line & found a frame like smoke- Slept
the whole afternoon. I'm like a
alligator nobody asks to Kind Keeper pour